Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now Wolsacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

Prin. Why you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and *poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunk to day

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.*
A plague of all cowars still say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here bee foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it *Iacke*, where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I weare not a halfe sword, with a doze of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose,

Hose, my buckler cut through & through, my Sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was man, all would not do. A plague of al cowards, let them speake if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake sirs, how was it;

Ross. Wee foure set vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Ross. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

Ross. As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set vpon

Fal. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prin. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought with fifty of them, I am a bunch Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iack*, then am I no leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not murthered some of them.

Pal. Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them, Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in Buckram suites: I tell thee what *Hal*, if I tel thee a lie, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus bore my point: foure rogues in buccorom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all a front, & mainely thrust at me. I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buccorom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buccorum suites.

Fal. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falst. Dost thou heare me *Hal.*

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iacke.*